But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why, our battalion trebles that account,
Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanly* quarterd, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the King.
Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needfull scrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
Rich. Farewell good *Blunt*.
Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrows businesse,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesbie.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat.

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full su
King. I will not sup to night, giue
What, is my Beauer easier then it wa
And all my armor laid into my tent
Cat. It is my Liege, and all thing
King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty Ce
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to mor
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesbie.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purseuant at a
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him brin
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne
Into the blind caue of eternall nig
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field t
Looke that my staues be sound an
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saw'st thou the melanc
Rat. Thomas the Earle of *Surre*
Much like Cockshut time, from t
Went through the armie chearing
King So I am satisfied, giue me
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,
Nor cheare of mind that I was wo
Set it downe, is Inke and paper re
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my Guard watch, leau
Ratcliffe about the midst of night
And helpe to arme me: leaue me

Enter Darby to Rich

Dar. Fortune and victorie sit
Rich. All comfort that the da
Be to thy person, noble father in
Tell me how fares our noble mo
Dar. I by attorney blesse the
Who praies continually for *Rich*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)